

ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. 5. NO. 45.

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1907.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

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**WILLIAMSON
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SALMAGUNDI

The Wrangell Drug Co.

Ken. Talmage has the morning shift at the electric plant.

Bishop Rowe and wife were passengers south on the last Cottage City.

Wm. E. Lloyd was a business passenger south on the Cottage City.

Charley Bielby returned on the Humboldt from a business trip to Seattle.

Al Osborne intends building a new house at his ranch on Brown's Island.

The cableship Burnside is expected here about October first, to look after the cable.

The sawmill is cutting lath from the waste edgings, and hereafter wood will be more scarce.

The fishermen at the mouth of the river have quit business for this season, the last of them coming into town Tuesday afternoon.

A fellow arrived at the ferry to cross the Styx. To Charon, the grim ferryman, he said: "I don't see any advertising matter around." "No," said Charon, "advertisers don't seem to come this way." Whereupon the late arrival insisted on going right back home.

Mr. H. C. Graves of Washington D. C. is connected with the geodetic survey, a round trip passenger on the Pacific. He says he located a shoal not charted in Sumner Strait, near Level Island.

A number of the trappers, fishermen and hunters of this section are building boats for the installation of power, in order to be prepared against contrary winds and tides. The New England firm, combining cheapness and seaworthiness, seems to be the most popular model.

The elder Whitfield came up from Ketchikan last week to take a hand in the townsite survey.

E. O. Norton of Seattle, came up last week and Tuesday, in company with N. J. Svindeth, went over to his "farm" on the flats.

Philip Haight and Sherman Bartlett returned in from the north arm of the river, Monday, with about three dozen ducks and geese.

A Free Night School will be opened at St. Philip's Church, next Monday evening for the benefit of all who may desire to take advantage of it.

Harry Collins writes down from Juneau that he has gone into business for himself at that place. His many friends in Wrangell wish him success.

Marshal Grant's pet doe was seen in town last Sunday morning, but all attempts to get salt on her tail failed, and she went back to the tall timber.

Peter L. Jensen gave his new launch a trial trip last Sunday, going over to Blind Slough, where he and Sam Cunningham killed three dozen ducks.

A strong wind and heavy swell took out the approach to the floating dock one night last week. It has been put back in position and firmly anchored.

There was a special meeting of the town council, Wednesday evening of last week, and among other routine business, Assessor Case turned over the 1907 assessment roll. The roll this year foots up approximately \$125,000.

That bridge near the Wrangell Dairy is in a very rickety and unsafe condition and should be repaired or rebuilt at once. We would suggest that it be replaced with a good new and substantial bridge about five or six feet wide.

"The Use of the National Forests" is the title of a neat little book which has just reached our table, issuing from the forestry department at Washington. It contains a great deal of valuable information concerning the forest reserves, but fails to convince Alaskans of the justness of setting aside the great area embraced by the Alexander Archipelago.

Miss Ella Lee Woods has been appointed by Bishop P. T. Rowe assistant in missionary work of the Episcopal Church at Wrangell, the title of the position being, really, Deaconess. The place carries a salary of \$500 per year. The SENTINEL congratulates all parties concerned—Miss Woods in securing the position and the Church in getting so valuable a worker.

The Wrangell contingent for the Chomaw Indian school got away on the Cottage City, the party being in charge of Fred Lewis, who was at the school last season.

B. H. Lyons, G. E. Rodman, F. E. Bronson and son, Frederick, spent three or four days on the flats after ducks, during the week. They bagged about sixteen dozen.

J. Mantle came up from his saltery last Thursday. He was not feeling the best in the world, as he recently got a fall of several feet, that jarred him up considerably.

Fish Commissioner Cobb returned south on the Cottage City after a trip of inspection to Point Ellis cannery, where he found everything O. K. Mr. McHugh last week completed his pack for this season.

Fred Congdon and family went out to St. John's Harbor, Monday, to hunt for a few days, after which they will bring to town the Bissell brothers, who have been out there for three weeks.

O. M. and Frank Coulter, Harry Gartley, Louis Olsen and Mr. Templeton a representative of the Seattle Hardware Co., left in the Olatawa, Tuesday, for a hunt on the flats.

Messrs. P. Haight and Sherman Bartlett are building a monster skiff, and when it is completed, intend going out to salt down a lot of venison for winter "reference."

Wm. Cook, the laundryman, has this year been experimenting with a new variety of bean, a lot of which may be seen growing in his garden. One day this week Mr. Cook brought a fine mess to SENTINEL people, and they are very fine. The bean grows on a straight stalk which reaches, sometimes, to the height of four feet and resembling a tree, from which characteristic it derives the name of "tree bean." The pods are very large and well filled.

Tommy Moore and a couple of the big game hunters, who went up the river a few weeks ago, arrived down Friday, the hunters having secured what trophies they desired. Tommy was feeling a trifle washup over having fallen into the clutches of the law for putting a head on an Indian near Telegraph Creek who had acted in an unseemly manner on the trail toward Tommy's employers. But Judge Hyland turned Tommy loose, with a reprimand to the red man.

Pay Your Subscription!

The survey is progressing as rapidly as could be expected under the circumstances. The present survey is being made from the field notes of the Garfield survey, which was made several years ago, and these field notes are exasperating in their incompleteness. Looking for a certain corner, the present surveyors consult the notes and find "Commencing at a stake," no bearings being given in many cases. As stakes are quite numerous, it is sometimes difficult to locate the exact stake meant by the field notes. This condition renders the work much slower than if the marks were plainly described, but this survey will be carried on with all reasonable despatch.

The Coulter salmon saltery on Reid's wharf has been a busy place lately. Last week, having filled all the available receptacles, word to quit fishing was sent to the fishermen at the mouth of the river, who had been gillnetting cohoes in great numbers. During the few weeks which this saltery has been in operation, about three hundred barrels of fine red salmon have been prepared for shipment. The price is very good this season, each barrel being worth from twelve to fourteen dollars.

SENTINEL last week forgot to mention the arrival at Wrangell of Mr. Butcher, an intimate friend of Ken. Talmage. He hails from "Old Yamhill" (Oregon), having but recently left McMinnville to seek his fortune in Alaska. He is a plumber by trade, but work in that line being a trifle slow at present, he is now building a nice, plumb pile of slabs, plumb to the roof of the electric station woodshed.

Mr. James T. Waters believes in experimenting to ascertain what may be produced in this country. His latest experiment is with wheat, this year, and he tells a reporter that he has had the satisfaction of seeing the cereal, which he planted last spring at his place on the hill in the western part of town, grow and fully mature.

Wrangell people have all been eating smelt for the past week or two, large numbers of the delectable little fellows being taken with hook and line from the water under the wharf, where they were attracted by the offal from the Coulter saltery.

Last Thursday evening was the date for the regular monthly meeting of the Chamber of Commerce; but for some reason there was no meeting, as there was no quorum. Members either forgot or were careless in the matter.

Walter Waters came in last week from Holbrook, and while in town had some changes in his sailing launch Seagirt. They have salted and ready for shipping about four hundred barrels of salmon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ryus of Ketchikan came up during the week and visited their daughter, Mrs. Baker, returning home on the Cottage City.

Deputy Marshal Grant and C. P. Cole returned from Juneau on the Humboldt.

A FINE OPPORTUNITY

Those who are looking around for a good clubbing offer should not overlook this chance. SENTINEL is pleased to offer to its patrons the best magazine of the day, treating upon the important scientific, industrial and political subjects, at a very low rate, for cash. We have just completed arrangements with the publishers of the Technical World Magazine, by which we can offer it in connection with the SENTINEL at the low rate of \$2.50 per year. The price of the magazine, alone, is \$2. The magazine contains sixty pages of well written and instructive matter, and deals with all subjects of popular interest. The above rate is strictly cash in advance.

A BARGAIN FOR CASH

For a quick sale, I will sell my pile driver for \$600, cash. Boiler and engine thoroughly overhauled, new flues, etc. Worth at least \$1,500.

Address J. F. COLLINS, Care W. G. Thomas, Wrangell, Alaska.

A RARE BARGAIN

Any person desiring to buy a launch can do no better than to accept the offer of John Perry to sell the Ethel B. for \$325. The only launch in Southeastern Alaska that is sure of getting back home on her own power. The boat or engine are not one year old. The launch is fully equipped with electrical appliances and a new skiff, holding canvas top, all necessary tools, anchor, etc., go with the launch. All for \$325.

ANOTHER CASH SNAP

For \$350, cash, you can have my new 25-foot launch with new 6 h. p. Benton engine. This is the new launch built by Wm. Lloyd, and is the best launch in Alaska for her size.

Address J. F. COLLINS, Care W. G. Thomas, Wrangell, Alaska.

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BOOTS AND SHOES

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RENEW YOUR PIPES AND ROOF PLATES

Hot Blast Stoves and Gasoline Tanks Made to Order

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JAGER 4-CYCLE MARINE ENGINES

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AGENT FOR SOUTHEASTERN ALASKA

SOME VERY GOOD SKIN BEAUTIFIERS and TAN ERADICATORS

Almarosa Cream and Almarosa Talcum Powder

These are two new preparations which have been giving excellent satisfaction in the east, and are used extensively. Buy them of

THE BAKER DRUG CO.
Wrangell, Alaska

L. C. Patenaude is having a new residence building erected on one of his lots on the hillside.

A social hop at Red Men's Hall, last Saturday night was highly enjoyed by Wrangell dancers.

It is reported that the Jamestown Expedition management is \$900,000 "in the hole." Holy smoke!

Fred Congdon ran amuck of a devil club, one day last week, that came near destroying an eye for him.

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL.....ALASKA.

As to millionaires, many are indicted but few are jailed.

A London paper informs us that croquet is to be popular in England this year. Mollycoddle!

Married people should so live that the minister who performed the ceremony will never feel like apologizing.

Now and then some man succeeds in becoming famous without being made so by the President; but it is a slow process.

The family Bible is usually accepted as an accurate record of a man's age, but not so, it seems, in the case of Methuselah.

In Germany a man has been punished for sticking out his tongue at the Kaiser. The Kaiser doesn't like to be mistaken for a doctor.

King Peter of Serbia wants to borrow money. In the event that he can't do that he would probably be willing to marry an American heiress.

The United States Supreme Court has been appealed to to decide the question, "What is whisky?" It will never be able to do it by tasting the stuff.

One of the lawyers who helped to defend Harry Thaw is reported to have put in a bill for \$100,000. It requires some nerve to charge such a large price for failing.

Says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "While waiting for your prayer to be answered try to get what you want yourself." In other words, dust off your knees and hustle.

When a young woman to whom a man gave his seat in a crowded New York street car said "thank you" he fell in a fit. The probability is that she will never repeat the rash act.

We may as well understand that it will never be possible for Americans to get Englishmen to consider them refined as long as anybody on this side says "I guess" instead of "I fancy."

Count Boni de Castellane has expressed a willingness to drop for a cash consideration his appeal from the decision of the court that awarded the countess a divorce. Boni is such a self-sacrificing boy.

The young heir to the Spanish throne has practically dropped out of public sight since his birth. He may as well be given to understand at the start that if he expects to continue to be famous he will have to keep doing things with uninterrupted regularity.

Boycott against American goods in China has been suppressed. The American consul-general at Canton reports a striking punishment for those who tried to further it in that province. The victory has compelled the association which prompted the attempt at boycott to turn over the money in its treasury to a public hospital. Thus money intended to make trouble will go toward alleviating it.

The return of the bicycle is predicted by those who are interested in the trade and it is said that the business is picking up. There is no likelihood of a revival of the bicycle fad of fifteen years ago, but the trade is expecting an increasing interest in the wheel as a practical means of transportation and recreation. The expectation seems reasonable, for it is noticeable that other nations have not abandoned the bicycle to the extent which it has been given up in America. It still remains a beautiful and inexpensive means of travel and of seeing the country.

The daily prints are not without ample warning that life on the stage is not all plaudits and roses. Those who read understandingly may know that it is a hard life, full of disappointments to most of its votaries. There is excitement, it is true, and there are occasional rewards. But there is excitement in a runaway with horses or a steamboat explosion and probably an equal proportion of rewards. While the public must be amused there must be someone to amuse it, but the hard fact of the business is the supply of amusers far exceeds the demand and the majority of stage-yearning girls will meet nothing but hardships when they try to embrace histrionic art or its amusing kindred.

The birth of a male heir to the Spanish throne has for the present simplified the question of the succession, a matter that has been responsible for much disturbance in the empire, as well as in the rest of Europe. The trouble was acute so long ago as 1700, when Charles II. of the house of Hapsburg died, childless, after making Philip, grandson of Louis XIV. of France, his successor. This first Bourbon King of Spain was not recognized by the other powers till after a long war, concluded in 1713. Philip, known as the fifth of Spain, proclaimed the Salic law the next year, limiting the succession to his male descendants. His great-grandson, Ferdinand VII., one of the royal victims of Napoleon's ambition, was restored to the throne in 1813. In 1829 he married his fourth wife

and abrogated the Salic law in spite of the protests of his brothers and of the French Bourbons. His daughter Isabella, born in 1830, was proclaimed queen on his death, three years later, with her mother as regent. Isabella's uncle, Don Carlos, asserted his claim to the throne under the Salic law, but the regent succeeded in maintaining her daughter's position. Don Carlos' descendants have ever since been pretenders to the Spanish throne. The present Carlist claimant is his grandson. Queen Isabella was driven from Spain by a revolt in 1868, and two years later the Spanish succession caused a fresh commotion in Europe. The proposition to call to the throne a prince of a branch of the Prussian royal house of Hohenzollern was the apparent though not the real cause of the great war of 1870 between France and Germany. The throne was offered to Prince Amadeo, a son of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, but the task of governing Spain was too much for him, and after a few years he abdicated. Then a republic was set up, but it lasted only two years, and Alfonso XII, the son of Isabella, was restored to the throne without the shedding of a drop of blood. On Alfonso's death, in 1885, his daughter Maria succeeded him and was queen till Alfonso XIII., the present king, was born, a few months later, the ninth of the house of Bourbon to rule over Spain. If the new prince should die, and Alfonso have no other children, his sister's son would succeed him, and in the remote contingency of the direct line of descent from Ferdinand VII. becoming extinct, the Carlist claimant would become king.

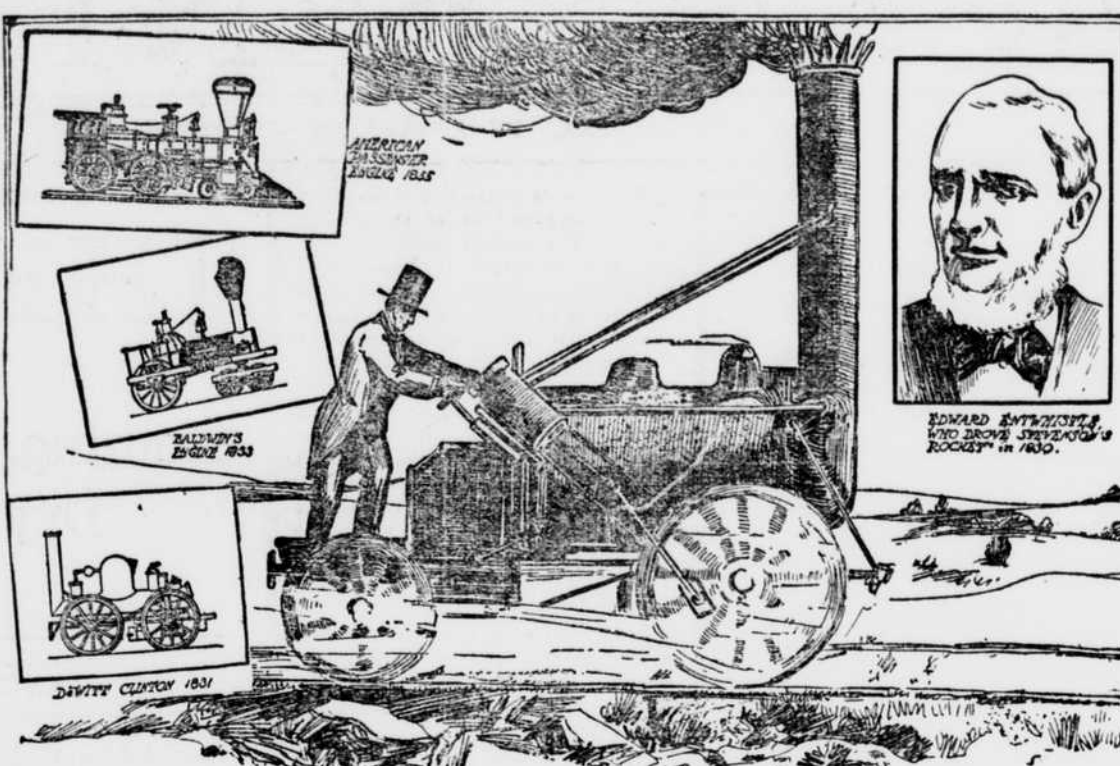
According to a report twelve girls of the Chickasaw nation have written to a college president soliciting his aid in procuring for them Caucasian husbands. They have described their possessions with a minuteness that would charm a fortune hunter, and have made it clear that they are fully aware of the importance of presenting financial attractions before presuming to make other claims. While in a flippant mood this action might be construed as a girlish jest or a harmless joke, there is reason to suspect an underlying purpose of seriousness, an earnest desire to better the existing state and promote future happiness. All authorities agree that Indians do not make ideal husbands. Hiawatha was perhaps an exception, but Hiawatha must be taken with more than the usual allowance of salt, and everybody knows that Mr. Longfellow in far off Cambridge did not enjoy exceptional facilities for studying the Indian in his conjugal capacity. The noble red man in song and story is extremely picturesque as he pursues the flying deer or spears or angles for the elusive fish, but his nobility dwindles as he loils in the hammock while his wife grubs in the fields and tells that he may eat. It is also noted by careful observers that however the Indian may rise to eminence in an Eastern college town and acquire large fragments of general knowledge his disposition on returning home is to lapse into primitive conditions and enjoy life as did his fathers before him. The Indian girl, on the other hand, profits more enduringly by education. She sees the white maiden maintaining supremacy over the white man, and notes with increasing admiration the white wife giving necessary orders to a well trained and obedient husband. How natural then that the Indian girl should wish for herself so happy a lot, and long for a transition that would assure her a position of independence and comparative freedom from toil. The advantages or disadvantages that might accrue from this attempted assimilation of races it is not to the point to mention here. The question involved is merely the tribute paid to the American white husband, the reassertion of the statement that in the opinion of universal womanhood he is the best husband in the world. Individually he may have his faults and precipitate a divorce suit even from an Indian bride, but standing as a shining whole, the expostor of a widely recognized principle, he leads all mankind in the estimation of woman. Hence the credibility to be attached to the story of the twelve Chickasaw maidens and the pleasing reflections to be inspired thereby.

Sworn to Secrecy.
The Dundee Advertiser tells a story of a country cleric, still on the under-side of 40, who was driving home along a road from an outlying hamlet when he overtook a young woman. He recognized her as Mary, the maid of all work at a farm which he would pass on his way to the rectory. So he pulled up and offered her a lift. Mary was nothing loath, and the parson was glad of her company. All the way to the farm gate they chatted pleasantly, as country people do, and when her destination was reached he set her down. Then she thanked him for his kindness and his company. "Don't mention it, Mary; don't mention it," he said politely, as he pulled the rug around his knees and gathered up the reins. "No, I won't," answered Mary in an obliging tone, and the young rector went on his way thoughtfully.

Uncle Eben's Wit.
"Don't pride yoself too much on yoh own opinions," said Uncle Eben. "A mule generally has his own way, and it don't make him popular."—Washington Star.
It sometimes happens that other people have as good an opinion of a man as he has of himself—after he is dead.

Most women are proud of their ability to humble a man's pride.

HE RAN THE "ROCKET," STEPHENSON'S FIRST ENGINE.



The engineer who ran the famous Rocket of George Stephenson, the first passenger locomotive to draw a passenger train in the world, is still alive, in good health, and celebrated his ninety-second birthday a few weeks ago at his home in Des Moines, Iowa. Edward Entwistle is the name of the man who has this unique claim to distinction.

Every effort was made by numerous exhibitors in the transportation department of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to have Mr. Entwistle go to St. Louis, as he had gone to Philadelphia at the Centennial Exposition. Large sums of money were offered to him, and the temptation was great, for the old engineer is far from being wealthy. Owing to his extreme age, however, and the fatigues of a 400 mile railroad journey, the offers were declined. Thirty years ago Mr. Entwistle had been officially invited to attend the Philadelphia Exposition.

He was not informed that his old engine was on exhibition and was wandering through the transportation exhibition when he happened upon it. His joy at the recognition of his old pet is still remembered by those who were in the secret and who accompanied the famous engineer on his rounds.

Entwistle was a lad not 16 years of age when Stephenson completed his plans, secured a charter for the railroad between Liverpool and Manchester, laid his track and was ready to run the train. Entwistle was recommended to Stephenson by no less a personage than the Duke of Bridgewater, whose steward informed his highness that Entwistle was the best mechanic in the shops.

Mr. Entwistle, in his humble home, delights to live over the old days and tell the story of the preparations and the trial trip, the events of which are fresh in his mind from frequent iteration.

THE DREAMER.

He builds as he can, as he will,
In weakness or strength as it seems;
And it is what it is; for his skill
Is only the truth of his dreams.

And his dreams are as strong as his faith,
Or as weak as the fears that they own;
And what is his soul either sayeth,
That is, and that guides him alone.

So some ships that are stately and fair
Go down for a morsel of faith;
While some thistle-down barks, light as air,
No storm can move out of their path.

—Weekly Bouquet.

GLIDDEN'S WAY

Mabel went into the library and found the old gentleman sitting there with his newspaper. She perched herself on the arm of his chair and, as he looked particularly stern and forbidding, began to twist his near whisker around her slim forefinger, which was a little way she had. Upon which, the old gentleman, with a sigh of resignation and exasperation blended, dropped his paper in his lap and said:

"Well?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Mabel, continuing the curling process.
"Then what in nation—Don't do that, girl! You're pulling me."
Mabel tossed the newspaper to the floor and slipped into its place. "By the way, papa," she said, "and apropos of nothing on earth, what did you quarrel with Mr. Glidden about?"

The old gentleman's thick pepper-and-salt eyebrows drew together in a frown. "None of your business, miss," he answered.

"But I want to know."
"Well, if you want to know, it was over a political matter."

"I didn't know you ever went in for politics. Tell me about it."
"There's nothing to tell. I wasn't directly interested. You're giving me a cramp in my knee. Pick up that paper and give it to me and skip. Isn't there any place I can go without your coming along and bothering me?"

"Not any I know of," replied Mabel, calmly. "And I don't believe I'm hurting your knee, either. It was about ten years ago, wasn't it?"

"That's right," said the old gentleman. "It was in the presidential election of '96. Time Bryan ran against McKinley."

"Was Mr. Glidden for McKinley?"
"He said McKinley would win. I don't think he was ever for anybody but Glidden."

"Well, he was right, wasn't he?"
"Certainly he was right. Oh, certainly."

"Well, he made some darned impertinent remarks, that's all, and not for the first time by many. He—well, that's all there was about it. Now, run along."

"Do you want me to pull your whiskers again or are you going to tell me?"
"Now, look here, Mab, you wouldn't understand. I—well, I offered to bet him 5 to 1 that Bryan would be elected and he undertook to tell me that gambling on elections was immoral and that an offer to bet was no argument and that he was content to base his belief on certain facts and figures that appealed to his judgment and all that sort of stuff—reproving me, by grief!"

"I think you needed reproof," said Mabel. "Shocking! Don't you your-

self know that gambling is immoral? And I always looked up to you so, papa! Mr. Glidden was perfectly right."

The old gentleman pinched her ear. "That's what he was," he admitted. "That's what grinds me. I've known Glidden ever since I was knee high to a toad and I always found him to be in the right. That's the trouble, if you want to know."

The girl patted his shoulder sympathetically and smiled.

"The first time I ever saw him," said the old gentleman, "was when I was at school in Bagleyville. I had a marble board that I'd traded another boy out of. It was just a plain board about a foot long with square holes cut in the base of it, some larger than others. You stood off and shot at the holes. If you got through the very biggest hole you got your own marble back and another one; if you got through the next biggest you got three marbles, and so on. The highest you could win was twenty, but you could just barely get through that. All the marbles that missed going through any hole—and most of them did—went to the owner of the board. See?"

"I see," said the girl. "Sort of a slot machine."

"Not at all," corrected the old gentleman. "There was no gambling about it. It all depended on the skill of the players. There was one boy who al-



"POOR DADDY!" SAID THE GIRL PITYINGLY.

ways shot at the biggest hole and he won every time, until I barred him out for a sure-thing sport. Well, while the boys were shooting Glidden came up and watched and presently declared that no known marbles could go through the twenty hole unless it was hammered through. I called him a liar, of course, and offered to fight him, but he said that fighting was wrong, which is right, of course, and that he was right, which he was. I had been running the game in perfect good faith, but the board had got wet and swelled the wood since I tried it. It made me a great deal of trouble, I remember."

"Poor daddy!" said the girl, pityingly.
"That was always the way with him," said the old gentleman, quite savagely. "Some boys know it all and get let down. He knew it all and that was all there was to it. He called the teacher down once for spelling 'selze' 's-l-e-z-e.' Teacher was sure she could not have been mistaken. She had spelled it 's-l-e' all her life, but she looked it up, and, sure enough, Glidden was right. He was good enough to instruct Bill Somes, the station agent, that it was 'daypo' and not 'deepeo.' Bill said that Glidden young one would get his measly little neck wrung some time, but Glidden himself was always the only successful predictor. He told me I'd get chicken pox if I played with Lem Green, who was getting over it, and I got it. He was the only boy who came to the Baptist Sunday school picnic with an umbrella. He said he thought it was going to rain, though

the Lord Harry only knows who made him a weather prophet. But it rained all right. It had to."

Mabel squeezed his arm and giggled. "You see, it wasn't just the election; it was Glidden. And there were two or three others there and they agreed with him, and—I was glad of the chance to quarrel with him, if you want to know."

"Did you hear that they were going to leave Chicago?" asked Mabel.
"No. Are they? I'm glad of it."
"All but Bert," said Mabel. "Bert's studying medicine, you know."

"Who's Bert?"

"Bert Glidden, of course," replied Mabel. "And he's going to be quite lonely, poor fellow, and he isn't a bit like his papa. Not a bit. I'm sure I don't wonder at you. I knew him at high school—and I think you'd like him, but he thinks from something he's heard his father say that you'd be prejudiced against him and wouldn't care to have him call. But I told him his father, with all due respect, must be crazy and that there wasn't an atom of prejudice about you. But he's the most wrong-headed, blundering boy ever was and so difficult! And I don't think I can induce him to come; but if he should come you'd be grumpy with him, will you? Because it's just a charity, with his people going."

"Well, I think I've bothered you enough. Here's your paper. Aren't you going to ask me to come again? Well, good-by!"

Mabel danced to the door, smiled, courtesied and disappeared. The old gentleman snorted. But he did not resume his paper for several minutes.—Chicago Daily News.

LOVE CHARMS.

Some of the Queer Superstitions That Live in Sicily.

The love charms of Sicily are many and curious. One, very popular and considered very powerful, is to put into an eggshell a few drops of the blood of the longing lover. The shell is exposed to the sun for three days and to the dew for three nights. It is then placed on hot ashes until calcined, when the whole is reduced to a fine powder and administered secretly in a cup of coffee or a glass of wine to the object of affection.

Another charm is for the witch to undress at midnight and tie her clothes up in a bundle which she places on her head. Then, kneeling in the center of her room, she pronounces an incantation, at the end of which she shakes her head. If the bundle falls in front of her, it is a good sign; should it fall behind her, the charm will not avail.

Yet another is worked in the following manner: Pieces of green, red and white ribbon are purchased in three different shops, the name of the persons to be charmed being repeated mentally each time. The shopkeeper must be paid with the left hand, the ribbon being received in the right. When all the pieces are bought they are taken to a witch, who sets out to find the person to be charmed. On finding him or her the witch mutters to herself, "With these ribbons I bind you to such a one." Then she returns the ribbons to the purchaser, who ties them beneath his or her left knee and wears them at church.—Macmillan's.

Hard to Tell.
"Is it true, pop, that cold contracts everything?"
"Yes, my son."
"Then how is it that a cold wave can spread over the country?"—Baltimore American.



If you ever have the opportunity to witness a balloon race, do so by all means, says Williamsport (Pa.) Grit. A horse or automobile race is not in the same class, and even the human race is quite tame along side of it. The excitement is not confined to the competitors. The spectators share it, and they feel as the balloonist does that it is a race against time and space, with death as a competitor with a possible chance of winning. The balloon racer is unquestionably above other racing men. He goes over a course in which ordinarily no obstacles can be placed, and he usually has the track to himself.

Above is a picture of a recent balloon race showing the balloons ready to start. There are about a dozen of them, and each one is tugging at the ropes which hold it captive. One almost fancies the great canvas spheres are animate beings and are eager to be off at the crack of the pistol, like a trained track horse. The spectators are standing about, sizing up the racers and the men who will race them. The balloons are really the racers of the aerial track, and the daring balloonists are the jockeys who will guide them over the course.

When all was in readiness, at a given signal the balloons were simultaneously released, and shot up into the air with a loud swish. A mighty shout arose from the assembled spectators. For a few moments the racers seemed to be about neck and neck in the race, and then the racer floating the red and white colors forged a bit ahead. A shout of frenzied delight arose from its partisans. Evidently the applause reached the ears of the man guiding it, for the balloon shot ahead another

fifty feet as a result of some manipulation. For some minutes the balloons appeared to hold the positions attained at the start, and then the red and green noticeably gained on the red and white. The two by this time were far ahead of the others, and it was evident to all that one of the two balloons in the lead would win the race, and the betting became wildly enthusiastic. Farther and farther up into space they arose. Now they would appear to be going inland, and again as they entered a higher current of air they would appear to be going seaward at a frightful pace, and one would hear a groan of dismay from the spectators. Soon the two became mere specks in the sky, and it was no longer possible to learn which was in the lead. The anxious spectators learned the result of the race by telegraph two hours later, the red and white having traveled the greatest distance by far in the specified time.

There was not a hitch or accident in the race. In spite of the danger which is certainly always present with such sport, balloon racing is rapidly growing in popularity.

WOMEN AND THEIR HUSBANDS' MONEY.



JULIET V. STRAUSS.

there isn't anything to manage on. It consists in being quite cheerful and smiling in a last-year's gown and a made-over hat. The best management in the world is in making life worth living to yourself and to your family. A woman can never do this by assuming a downtrodden air about spending "her husband's money."

Many a woman thinks her husband stingy when he is only reasonable, and many a man gives in to his wife's pleading for money to furnish the house or send the children away to school when all his better judgment tells him the money should be laid by for a rainy day. I know women who are mean in money matters and men who have lived narrow, pitiful lives because their wives were of the skindrift disposition. Lack of money can come as near dwarfing a life as any other thing, except a narrow mind and a narrow creed. But we need not be hopelessly bound in shallows, even though we be women, custom shackled and seemingly at the mercy of some selfish, close-fisted man.

Let me say again, though I paraphrase Wagner, that liberty is a state of mind. I know women who have private incomes to apply as they like, who travel and see and hear all that is to be seen and heard, and who are not happier or brighter or much better informed than the writer of these lines, who has never in her life been free from poverty, who has seldom been out of her native State, who has never seen the ocean or the capital of the United States, but who is nevertheless a denizen of the world—a child of the universe, "whose lanterns are the moon and Mars."—Juliet V. Strauss, in Chicago Journal.

Could Not Fool Her.

Suspicion, once planted in the human breast, is quick and flourishing of growth. The countryman, proverbial bait for the wicked, is more often taken in by the innocent things than by confidence men and thieves. Of such a type was the old farmer's wife whose story is told in the Minneapolis Journal. The ways of the city were a mystery to the good lady, and she resolved to be armed for every emergency.

The farmer and his wife were setting off for an event in their lives, a visit to St. Paul. They had been cautioned repeatedly by their friends to beware of sharpers. They replied that they would keep their eyes open, and started with a nervous determination to look out for confidence tricks.

On the way the old farmer got off at a junction to buy some lunch, and the train went on without him. It was a terrible mishap. The last he saw of his wife she was craning out of the car window, shouting something reproachful at him, which he could not hear on account of the noise of the train.

It happened that an express came along a few minutes later. The farmer boarded it and got to St. Paul nearly an hour earlier than his wife.

He was waiting for her at the station when she arrived. He ran up to her and seized her valise.

"Well, Sarah," he said, "I'm glad to see ye again. I didn't know but we was separated forever."
"No, ye don't, Mr. Sharper," she cried. "I left my husband at the junction. Don't be coming any of yer confidence games on me, or I'll call a policeman."

Hobson's Choice.

The phrase "Hobson's choice" originated in an English livery stable. Tobias Hobson was the first man in England to rent out hackney horses. It may have been through an unshakable sense of justice, it may have been through laziness, but at all events this eccentric stable keeper obliged all who applied to him to rent a horse to take the one which happened to be standing nearest the stable door. And so the phrase Hobson's choice came to mean no choice at all.

But No One Laughed.

At an old-fashioned revival down in the Ozarks a woman was telling her experience.

"I used to care a lot for the vanities of this world," she exclaimed. "But when I was saved I saw that all my finery and jewelry and trinkets were dragging my soul down into perdition, and I took 'em all off and gave 'em to my sister."—Kansas City Times.

All Union Members.

Hix—I see President Roosevelt advocates an eight-hour day for wives. Do you suppose they'll get it?

Hax—Sure, if they demand it. When a woman marries she joins a union, you know.—Kansas City Times.

A lot of trouble would be averted if women feared men as much as they do mice.

My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair. But first of all, stop your hair from coming out. Save what you have. Ayer's Hair Vigor will not disappoint you. It feeds the hair-bulbs; makes weak hair strong.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA,
PILLS,
CHERRY PECTORAL.

CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTICE—The following announcements are from leading business men and firms, and are well worth your careful reading. The list may contain just the proposition you are looking for.

REAL ESTATE

EAST GREENACRES.

The only tracts on the market where you can contract to sell your crop. Ten tracts a day. Abundance of water. Price \$150.00 per acre—easy payments—come in or write for particulars.
BEECHER & THOMPSON.

Spokane, Wash. 110 Stevens

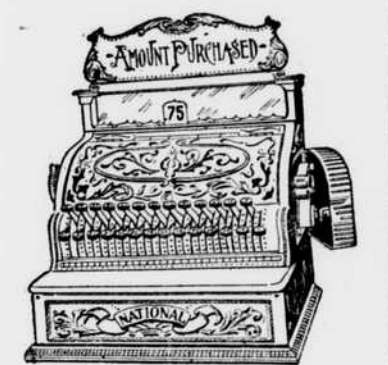
Tickets to Europe

On All Lines Lowest Rates
For Rates and Information, call or write
—a postal will do for our latest folder C
Chilberg Agency
Basement Mutual Life Bldg., SEATTLE

He Felt 'Em.

Reason—They say there are over a million species of insects in the world. Egbert—That's no news to me. Don't you suppose I ever went to a Sunday School picnic in the woods?—Yonkers Statesman.

The game of whist a woman plays is not a reliable index to her useful accomplishments.



WE NOW SELL CASH REGISTERS in all popular styles and makes CHEAPER THAN EVER.

BECAUSE WE DO NOT BELONG TO THE TRUST.
WE ARE INDEPENDENT CASH REGISTER DEALERS SELLING THE TRUST.

We handle all popular makes of cash registers, both NEW and SECOND-HAND at about ONE-HALF the monopoly company's prices.
HOW CAN WE DO IT?

The TRUST sets aside HALF THE PRICE of the register and the expenses of the agency and commissions to sales agents.

WE DO NOT.
The TRUST, at inflated prices, sells on the installment plan.

WE DO NOT.
The TRUST must keep up an expensive organization for the purpose of freezing out competition.

WE DO NOT.
For we have no competition selling cheaper than we do.

WE SELL AT THE TRUE, NOT AT AN INFLATED PRICE.
WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.
If you do not care to THROW your money away to help fatten the TRUST, you will do well before purchasing elsewhere, to call at our store and SEE; or, if you cannot do that, to WRITE to us, stating your requirements.

You may take it for granted that we will give more time to the study of your wants and try to give you better satisfaction in order to secure recommendation than would the TRUST, which, boasting of its monopoly which it does not enjoy, studies nobody—but its own pocket.

Write for our catalog and full information.
SAVE YOUR MONEY.
Call on or Write to
THE SUNDWALL COMPANY, Inc.
Independent Cash Register Dealers
Phones: Sunset Main 1180;
Independent 697
609 FIRST AVE., SEATTLE, WASH.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and affords comfort to every home—in dining room, sleeping room and all places where flies are troublesome. Clean, neat and will not soil or injure anything. Try them once and you will never be without them. Harold Somers, 10 Dekalb ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



The Three Old Ladies.

There was an old lady all dressed in silk. Who lived upon lemons and buttermilk; And thinking this world was a sour old place. She carried its acid all over her face.

Another old lady all dressed in patches. Lived upon nothing but lucifer matches; So the world, it made her strangle and cough. And sure as you rubbed her you set her off.

Another old lady, all sunny and neat. Who lived upon sugar, and everything sweet. Exclaimed, when she heard of their troubles, "I never! For the world is so nice I could live on forever."

Now, children, take your choice Of the food your hearts shall eat; There are sourish thoughts, and brimstone thoughts, And thoughts all good and sweet;

And whatever the hearts feeds on, Dear children, trust to me, Is precisely what this queer old world Will seem to you to be.
—Mary Mapes Dodge.

Animals as Mechanics.

It is only within recent years that men have learned how to make houses and other structures of cement. This art is probably yet in a crude stage, and by and by mankind may learn to use the material in vastly more skillful and efficient ways.

But many of the lower animals have for ages been making their houses of mud or of similar plastic and hardening substances. The cliff swallow's skillfully built home is indeed a wonderful structure, especially when we take into consideration the simple way in which the bird does the work. Imagine a boy or a girl trying to make such a structure of mud and handling the material only by the aid of pointed piers. Yet the bird does it and does it well with her pointed bill. In some cement structures, especially in railroad embankments, you have probably noticed that the workmen first put in several iron rods to increase the strength of the wall. This is, practically, what the phoebe, the robin and other birds do when they mix a liberal supply of grasses and other plant fibers, and even strings, through their concretions of mud.—St. Nicholas.

Poor John.

Of course, without a doubt, It's best to have it out; Then I'll never have a toothache any more.



I've hit the very thing— The doorknob and a string; But I somehow kind of hate to shut the door.

A Novel Watermark.

Have you ever noticed the watermark on your letter paper? If you have, this little story will interest you.

"Go right upstairs," Howard's nurse said to him the other day, "and wash your face; it's very dirty."

Howard disappeared and came down again in a few moments, his nose shining from the effects of soap and water and his cheeks scarlet from an energetic scrubbing. But, alas, the enthusiasm had evidently died down before he had proceeded very far with his washing. Behind his ears there was an unmistakable black streak, continuing round underneath his chin.

"Why, Howard," exclaimed nurse in horror, "you're not half clean. There's a regular watermark back of your ears."

"I know it," exclaimed Howard, instantly. "Did it on purpose. The watermark has to be somewhere on a good article, doesn't it? So I thought that would be the best place for it, 'cause my ears hide it a lot."

A Bedtime Story.

Laura settled herself at her mother's knee, and with upturned face waited for her bedtime story.

Mother usually told Laura a story of her own youth, and this evening she began without introduction:

"When I used to be out of temper, or naughty in any way, grandpa would call to me, 'Marry, Marry; take care! There's a mouse in the pantry!'"

"This, of course, made me stop crying, and after wondering a bit, I would run to the pantry to see whether there was really a mouse in the trap, but never found one. So I asked grandpa once what he meant, 'for,' said I, 'there are no mice in mother's pantry, and I have no pantry.'"

"Then grandpa pulled me to his knee and said: 'Your heart, child, is your pantry; the little sins are the mice that get in and nibble away all the good,

and that's the reason you are sometimes cross and unwilling to do mother's wishes. If you do not watch these pesky little creatures, they will soon nibble all the good away. To keep the mice out you must set a trap for them—the trap of watchfulness—and have for bait good resolutions and firmness. When the pantry is free from mice, then begin to store it with good things."

"I sat silent for a while, and then I said: 'What kind of good things, grandpa?'"

"And he answered: 'High principles, good thoughts and kind feelings.'"

Laura was silent, too, for a moment, and then said: "I'm going to try to remember my great-grandfather's teachings, because I see how much good they have done you. You are the 'bestest' mother any girl ever had. Good night, mother, darling," and with a bound she was off to bed.

Daddy Long Legs.

He is also called the harvest spider. But he isn't a true spider—nor an insect.

He belongs to the family known as Phalangidae. Eight long legs help him to get along in the world.

He has four long legs and four about half length. All his legs spring from a body which is grotesquely small.

They are a benefit to us, as they subsist on plant life and other insects. During the day he is usually quiet, save on cloudy days, which he mistakes for twilight.

He passes the winter in the egg state, hatching in the spring and becoming full-grown in summer.

In the North their bodies are rather small and their legs comparatively short. The legs of a Mississippi specimen measured nearly four inches.

Sport of Infant Japanese Girl.

Little girls in Japan make a play of one thing that in after years becomes labor, labor of love, though it is. So soon as a girl is old enough, perhaps 3 or 4, her dolly is tied to her back in the same way that she was fastened to her nurse's back when she was a baby. She carries this about while at play, says the Circle, and as she grows older a larger doll is used, until she has grown accustomed to the weight and is able to carry her baby brother or sister, thus relieving her mother, who perhaps works in the rice fields or in a tea garden.

SKETCH OF A RUINED MAN.

"I've Lived All Sorts of Life," said the tramp, "and Lived It Twice." David Grayson, author of "Adventures in Contentment," tells the story of a tramp in the American Magazine. It is really a character sketch of a ruined man. Mr. Grayson reports his efforts to get the tramp to live a regular life as follows:

"Friend," I said, 'stop here. We have a good country. You have traveled far enough. I know from experience what a corn field will do for a man.'"

"I have lived all sorts of life," he continued, "and I have lived in all twice, and I am afraid."

"Face it," I said, gripping his arm, "longing for some power to blow grip into him."

"Face it," he exclaimed, "don't you suppose I have tried—a few times without thinking—once would be enough—I might be all right. I should be all right."

"He brought his fist down on the table and there was a note of resolution in his voice. I moved my chair nearer to him, feeling as though I were saving an immortal soul from destruction. I told him of our life, how the quiet and the work of it would solve his problems. I sketched with enthusiasm my own experience and I planned simply work—and in books."

"Try it," I said, eagerly.

"I will," he said, rising from the table and grasping my hand, "I'll stay here."

"I had a peculiar thrill of exultation and triumph. I know how the priest must feel having won a soul from torment."

"He was trembling with excitement and pale with emotion and weariness. One must begin the quiet life with rest. So I got him off to bed, first pouring him a bathtub of warm water. I laid out clean clothes by his bedside and took away his old ones, talking to him cheerily all the time about common things."

"Owing to the excitement of the evening I spent a restless night. Before daylight, while I was dreaming a strange dream of two men running, the one who pursued being the counterpart of the one who fled, I heard my name called aloud."

"I sprang out of bed.

"The tramp has gone," called Harriet, my sister.

"He had not even slept in his bed. He had raised the window, dropped out on the ground and vanished."

Explained.

"Say, paw."

"Well, son?"

"What is a diplomat?"

"Well, son, I'm a diplomat whenever I succeed in making your mother believe what I tell her."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Discovered It.

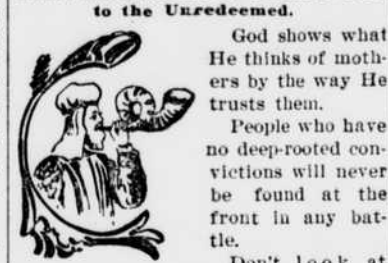
The physician was called to the bedside of the suffering man.

"How did the accident happen?" he asked.

"He persisted in looking for a gas leak," they replied.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



God shows what He thinks of mothers by the way He trusts them.

People who have no deep-rooted convictions will never be found at the front in any battle.

Don't look at the clouds. Look for a blue spot in the sky.

Giants walk faster than common people run.

The boy gets his best from his mother and his worst from his father.

The little man always wants to turn the world upside down before breakfast.

The man who has no joy in his religion has a big leak in his faith somewhere.

Mistakes are not the worst things in the world if we make the right use of them.

A straw can be grown in a few weeks, but it takes a century to mature an oak.

Christ taught His disciples how to pray before He gave them power to work miracles.

If the Lord gives us much to do, it means that He will also give us much grace to do it with.

It is better to follow the Good Shepherd in the valley of the shadow of death than to lie down in green pastures and stay there.

COLLECTING A BILL.

As debt-collectors the sons of New England early established a reputation for mastery ingenuity among the towns along the Ohio River. If one plan failed, says the author of "The Ohio River," they were immediately on hand with another. But only a genius could have collected a debt from the following "hard customer."

The person in question had been owing a sum to his Yankee friend for nearly a year, regularly failing to take seriously the duns that were sent to him. At last he agreed to pay the bill on a given day. Promptly on the day named the Yankee appeared in person to collect.

"You are very punctual," observed the debtor.

"I generally am in business matters," assented the visitor pleasantly. "In this case I had another reason for being punctual."

"Indeed!" said the host. "And what was that?"

"Why," replied the affable collector, "if a person were to set a day to pay me money and I did not call, it would look as though I doubted whether he meant to give it to me; which," he continued, with monumental blandness, "on the footing of friendship on which you and I stand, would be absolutely an insult, don't you think so?"

"He opened his eyes and stared at me," said the collector, later, when telling of his record-breaking achievement. "He really didn't quite know whether or not I was quizzing him. But I was perfectly serious in my manner. He paid the debt, but I have not the shadow of a doubt I should have had to call twenty times more for it if I had not hit him so close."

CITY'S LOST ISLANDS.

Illinois Has Three that Once Belonged to St. Louis.

St. Louis has lost three islands, though the names are as well remembered now as when the islands themselves were actually in existence. One is Bloody Island, just opposite the city, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The old tugs used to go there to fight their duels and in those days the river channel ran on the Illinois side of the island and except in high water there was only a slough between St. Louis and the dueling ground. The government and railroad works put Bloody Island on the Illinois side and now a good part of East St. Louis is built over the sand bar that once was a thicker of willows.

Arsenal island, too, used to be on this side of the river and boys rolled up their trousers and waded across the narrow slough from a point a little south of the workhouse. The boats went on the other side of the island, but the channel began cutting into the Illinois farms at such a rate that the government threw up a dike just across from the arsenal, turning the river to this side, the island was joined to the Illinois shore, was finally purchased by the State of Illinois from the city of St. Louis and the former bed of the river is now covered by farms.

Duncan's island was a big sand bar that began near the foot of Lamont street and extended north to Geyer avenue. It was purchased by the Iron Mountain Railroad Company, which wanted to locate its yards in that neighborhood, and filled up the place with earth from Pilot's hill in Carondelet. The names still live, for the people of St. Louis make a difference between the "island" and the mainland, just as the farmers on the bottom still talk about the Arsenal island and the switchmen in the yards south of Chouteau avenue tell one another that a certain car is down on Duncan's island.

No poor man has any business to marry a woman who has a mania for making nothing out of something.

BASEBALL IS EXPENSIVE.

National Game Is Great Industry and Millions Paid to See It.

One can say that thousands of dollars are expended annually for baseball games and convey in a vague way what baseball expenditure means, says the Washington Post.

Presuming that 25,000,000 spectators witnessed baseball games in 1905, which is the estimate of one hopeful citizen, it is fair to say that at least half of the 25,000,000 paid admission to the games. Suppose that each of this 12,500,000 paid 25 cents to witness his favorite sport. That would make a gross total of \$3,125,000 at the gate in one season. That begins to sound more like figures.

Now add the car fare which was expended by each spectator, where the games are played in large cities, and the amount which was handed out to the peanut boy and the lemonade peddler, and an idea begins to form that baseball receipts accumulate quite a total, even if it is the cheapest and most popular form of outdoor sport.

Nor is what the spectator pays to witness the games all that is expended during the year. Great factories work day and night to make baseballs, and men have acquired fortunes in placing their wares before the public. Hundreds of tailors are employed in making baseball uniforms and scores of turners gain a livelihood turning out baseball bats, while the forests of the Middle West have been ransacked to obtain the best timber to provide the players with "sticks" to suit them.

Put \$1,000,000 more on top of the amount paid to see games, and the mark has jumped over \$4,000,000. Even that doesn't tell the story. Clubs expend large sums in travel. The railroads and the hotels are benefited. Spectators frequently journey long distances to witness matches between famous nines. At the world's series last fall there were three spectators who had come all the way from California to see the Giants play for the championship.

The fact is, baseball costs the people of the United States more than \$5,000,000 annually, and the bill is growing heavier every year; but so small is the per capita expenditure and so great the enjoyment which is derived from the game that it is contributed without complaint and more open indication of real satisfaction than any "indirect tax" which is levied upon the community at large in behalf of a good time.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Arkansas girl who announced that she would marry any man who would promise to support her isn't receiving as much mail as the average widow who still has her late husband's life insurance intact.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It makes your shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

A 7-year-old boy has been arrested for incendiarism. It would be a good plan to turn this boy into a base burner.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE trial bottle and treatise. Dr. J. C. Kline, M.D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Congress passed only 700 bills at its recent session, which is a pretty good record when one stops to consider that it was tempted by the introduction of 34,450.

Mother will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The "Moral" Aspect.
When a man claims he won a "moral" victory it means he has had the stuffing licked out of him.—Topeka Capital.

Things always look dark when Uncle Yim Hill puts on his colored spectacles and begins to peer into the future.

One million divorces is still country's record for twenty years. This, we must not become pessimistic. Lots of people get married and live happily ever afterward.

Professor Matteucci denies having said the earth will soon be bumped by a comet, and the people who were afraid of being jarred out of fat political jobs can breathe easier.

Four Brussels banks have failed. It will go hard with their officials if their failure does any damage to King Leopold's financial interests.

Harvard's Oldest Graduate.
Charles A. Welch of Cohasset, Mass., is the oldest living graduate of Harvard, the sole survivor of the class of 1835. He is wealthy, in good health and as much interested in his alma mater as though he had graduated only last year. He practiced law for more than 70 years.

BAD BLOOD THE SOURCE OF ALL DISEASE

Every part of the body is dependent on the blood for nourishment and strength. When this life stream is flowing through the system in a state of purity and richness we are assured of perfect and uninterrupted health; because pure blood is nature's safe-guard against disease. When, however, the body is fed on weak, impure or polluted blood, the system is deprived of its strength, disease germs collect, and the trouble is manifested in various ways. Pustular eruptions, pimples, rashes and the different skin affections show that the blood is in a feverish and diseased condition as a result of too much acid or the presence of some irritating humor. Sores and Ulcers are the result of morbid, unhealthy matter in the blood, and Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., are all deep-seated blood disorders that will continue to grow worse as long as the poison remains. These impurities and poisons find their way into the blood in various ways. Often a sluggish, inactive condition of the system, and torpid state of the avenues of bodily waste, leaves the refuse and waste matters to sour and form uric and other acids, which are taken up by the blood and distributed throughout the circulation. Coming in contact with contagious diseases is another cause for the poisoning of the blood; we also breathe the germs and microbes of Malaria into our lungs, and when these get into the blood in sufficient quantity it becomes a carrier of disease instead of health. Some are so unfortunate as to inherit bad blood, perhaps the dregs of some old constitutional disease of ancestors is handed down to them and they are constantly annoyed and troubled with it. Bad blood is the source of all disease, and until this vital fluid is cleansed and purified the body is sure to suffer in some way. For blood troubles of any character S. S. S. is the best remedy ever discovered. It goes down into the circulation and removes any and all poisons, supplies the healthful properties it needs, and completely and permanently cures blood diseases of every kind. The action of S. S. S. is so thorough that hereditary taints are removed and weak, diseased blood made strong and healthy so that disease cannot remain. It cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Sores and Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., and does not leave the slightest trace of the trouble for future outbreaks. The whole volume of blood is renewed and cleansed after a course of S. S. S. It is also nature's greatest tonic, made entirely of roots, herbs and barks, and is absolutely harmless to any part of the system. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores. Book on the blood and any medical advice free to all who write.

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The H. F. NORTON CO. HIDES, LEATHER and SHOE FINDINGS . .

Prompt Cash Returns for Consignments of Hides, Pelts, Wool and Furs at Full Market Value. Write for price list and shipping tags to Department B. 206 Third Avenue South . . . SEATTLE, WASH.

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W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.00 & \$3.50 SHOES BEST IN THE WORLD

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\$25,000 Reward To any one who can prove W. L. Douglas does not make & sell more men's \$3 & \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer.

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John D. Rockefeller says he is worth only \$300,000,000, and Henry H. Rogers has recently had to borrow money for the purpose of continuing operations on a railroad that he is building in Virginia. Chancellor Day must be finding it hard to keep on hoping for the best.

One of Shakespeare's plays is being performed in Chicago with a good deal of success, perhaps owing to the fact that the scenic effects are equal to those employed in any of the musical comedies.

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